



Cruiser Log

The Newsletter of the North American Cruiser Association

Volume 14 Issue 4

October 2014

Sad News

Rear Admiral Robert Broussard Erly, a resident of Coronado, California, and a highly decorated military veteran of World War II, the Korean War, and the Vietnam conflict died Thursday, July 31, 2014, at Scripps Mercy Hospital in San Diego, California, at age 100.

Admiral Erly was born in Washington, D. C., on June 12, 1914, to the late Alfred Angus and Beatrice Erly. He entered the United States Naval Academy in 1933 with an at-large appointment and graduated in 1937.

On the morning of December 7, 1941, while Japanese planes were bombing his destroyer, the *USS Cassin*, the destroyer *USS Downes*, and the battleship *USS Pennsylvania* (the three ships were together in dry dock), then-Lieutenant Junior Grade Erly organized the turning of water hoses on the burning ships. As the bombs continued to fall, Lt. Erly, with the help of two members of the ship's crew, water-hosed the torpedoes and depth charges to prevent them from exploding and further damaging the *Pennsylvania* and the two destroyers. All three ships were later repaired and returned to service. Erly received the Navy Commendation Medal with Combat V.

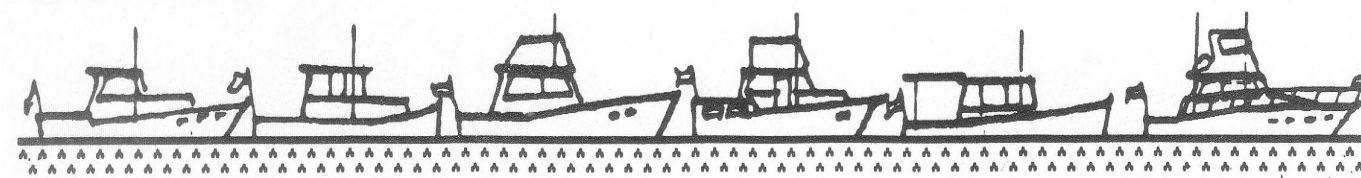
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During the remainder of the war, he served on various destroyers in the Pacific and Atlantic Oceans and commanded the destroyer *USS Phelps*. During the war and after, he also served many years on numerous missions to Cuba and Venezuela and received many medals and commendations.

During the Korean conflict, he commanded the *USS James C. Owens*, and, in May 1952, the *Owens* dueled with enemy shore batteries, hitting and destroying at least two enemy guns, rail lines, trains, and storage yards in Songjen Harbor. He was awarded the Bronze Star with a Combat V.

Erly served tours of duty at the Pentagon and was a commander of amphibious forces. He was Deputy Chief of Staff to the Commander-in-Chief U.S. Atlantic Fleet. He received the Legion of Merit and three Gold Stars for meritorious service. He served as Director of Pan American Affairs and received medals

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North American Cruiser Association

For help or information, visit our web site at
<http://www.predictedlog.org>

The site provides a resource for boaters looking for information, to learn more about predicted logging or NACA, or to find a nearby member organization.

Feel free to call any of us with your thoughts and ideas!

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NACA Objectives

The objective of the North American Cruiser Association is to promote the sport of Predicted Log Contests in North America. Pursuant to this objective, NACA will:

1. Publish and distribute a periodic newsletter known as *Cruiser Log*, which shall contain news and information pertaining to the sport.
2. Schedule and coordinate an annual "North American Invitational" (NAI) Predicted Log Contest.
3. Sanction contests of member associations that are to be scored for NACA points.
4. Maintain and publish scoring and standings of Predicted Log contestants participating in NACA sanctioned contests.
5. Provide perpetual and suitable keeper trophies and other awards for winners of such North American Predicted Log series and events as may be established by NACA.
6. Establish "Recommended Contest Rules" for NACA sanctioned Predicted Log Contests.
7. Generally be responsive to the needs and requirements of member associations and of the sport of Predicted Log Contests.
8. Support boating and Corinthian yachting in general.

Cruiser Log Publication Deadlines

Submit by:	For publication in:
January 15	February
March 15	April
May 15	June
July 15	August
September 15	October
November 15	December

If you miss a deadline, your article will be published in a future issue.

*Sad News**(Continued from page 1)*

and commendations from several South American countries.

His final tour of duty was in Portugal as Commander of Iberian Forces Atlantic Fleet and Chief of the Military Assistance Advisory Group to Portugal.

After his medical retirement as Rear Admiral in 1974, he moved permanently to Coronado, California, where he was active in the Navy League, Community Playhouse, American Cancer Society, Navy Yacht Club of San Diego, San Diego Cruiser Association, and other civic associations. An avid boater, Erly, also a member of the Coronado Yacht Club, continued to race and win races through this year.

He was a member of the United States Naval Academy Alumni Association, the Retired Officers Association, a former trustee of the United States Naval Academy Foundation, and a member of the Pearl Harbor Survivors Association.

Admiral Erly was preceded in death by his parents; his first wife of sixty years, Lois Richards Erly; his sister, Clare Erly Wootten; and his brother, John K. Erly. He is survived by his wife, Thea H. Wallace Erly of Coronado and numerous nieces and nephews.

Burial services will be conducted at the United States Naval Academy Cemetery in Annapolis at a later date.

NACA clothing (other than ball caps) is available at the NACA Ship's Store.

Go to www.predictedlog.org.

Click on NACA Ship's Store. This opens a link to Land's End Business Outfitters. Select your product and choice of logo. It is simple to use, and the merchandise is of good quality.

Tribute to an "Old Hand"

I didn't have the slightest idea of what predicted log racing was all about when I joined Coronado Yacht Club (CYC) in 2002. The John Wayne-postured character with the gruff voice on the membership committee turned out to be Admiral Bob Erly. After introductions, he more or less ordered me (a mere retired Navy captain) to participate, and, since then, I have come to thoroughly enjoy the sport.

Bob turned out to be one of the nicest persons I have ever met. Bob was in his late eighties when I met him. He was serious about log racing and did very well at it. I recall, during one race, him getting on the radio and letting the race committee know that he had a steering issue and would complete the race using the emergency tiller. He did, and that gives you an idea of just how competitive this Pearl Harbor survivor was.

He knew the Big Bay like the back of his hand and had also mastered the current factors. When I finally got a slip at CYC, Bob turned out to be my slip neighbor. He was now in his nineties, and I did not mind checking his engine fluids and ensuring his boat was ready to go. The twin Volvos tested me at times, but Bob never missed a race for mechanical reasons.

At his 95th birthday celebration, he vowed to live to be 100. He was still racing at 99. He had a helmsman, but he always took the boat in and out of the slip himself. Bob attained 100 years old on June 12th this year. San Diego Cruiser Association, San Diego Observer Association, and several of his family and friends attended the celebration. Admiral Bob Erly died peacefully on July 31st.

I, along with the many log racers that he has met and influenced over the years, will dearly miss him.

Jeff Calabrese
San Diego Cruiser Association

Commodore's Corner

The 2014 North American Invitational (NAI) was a great event thanks to Jeff Calabrese, Bob Ehlers, and their committee. San Diego Yacht Club was the perfect host club. Food was outstanding, service was excellent, and even the weather was good for boating. Ten competitors, including four past NAI winners, vied for this year's title. San Diego Cruiser Association member Garry Adalian, a past winner, took top honors in David Weimer's boat, *Just Deserts*, with a score of 0.6476%. Congratulations, Garry!!!

The Gandelman Trophy is awarded each year to a member who has made a significant contribution to our sport. This year's recipient is Jeff Calabrese. He has been a very active volunteer for the North American Cruiser Association for many years. He has served as commodore and twice as chairman of the North American Invitational. The award was presented by Bob Lindal.

Many thanks go to the boat owners for loaning their boats. Without them, we could not have a contest. All of the boats were in great shape and perfect for the contest.

A donation made to the North American Cruiser Association (NACA) by the New England Cruiser Association is greatly appreciated. They ask that

their donation be used for NAI contests. The funds will be used for NAI trophies. The last of the trophies on hand were given out in San Diego, and trophies for several years in the future are being ordered. Thank you!

The annual meeting and election of the 2015 officers of North American Cruiser Association was held at San Diego Yacht Club. Installing officer was Staff Commodore Robert VanLandingham. The new officers, starting their terms in January, are: Commodore Scott Strandjord, Vice Commodore Ken Griffing, Rear Commodore Ed Kutchma, and Secretary/Treasurer Bob Hough. With these outstanding leaders in charge, I am sure 2015 will be another great year for NACA.

Fay Baynard
NACA Commodore

NAI 2014

It was great to see the old hands. All of the usual suspects showed up, plus a few more up-and-comers. With four past winners in the race, I knew the competition would be keen.

I was chairman for this North American Invitational (NAI). Just when I thought I could back off of North American Cruiser Association (NACA) business for a while, "the show must go on." Two critical requirements (lodging and venue) were already settled, thanks to San Diego Cruiser Association (SDCA) Commodore Fred Wieder and San Diego Yacht Club (SDYC) Liaison Bob Ehlers, so that eased the way a bit. Event dates caused some
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FUTURE NAI EVENTS (Tentative Dates)

2015—Ventura (09/09-09/12)
2016—Seattle
2017—Long Beach
2018—St. Petersburg
2019—Chicago

Making Our Way Home

It seemed like a good idea at the time.

My son Tyler and I had completed the last log race of the year, the Port Orchard Fall Round-Up, and we were considering our plans for the run home. It was late Saturday afternoon, and it was a truly lovely October day. However, the forecast for Sunday indicated high winds (perhaps gusting to fifty miles per hour from the south). As Port Orchard Yacht Club lay to the west of Puget Sound (west of Bainbridge Island and at the far end of the inlet to the southwest), we would have a fair distance to travel, with a long leg across the middle of Puget Sound to our home port at the Elliott Bay Marina.

The plan for the evening included the awards dinner at Port Orchard Yacht Club, followed by announcement of the race results and the presentation of trophies. Following the presentation of trophies, we had planned to settle in for a comfortable night on the boat, followed by Sunday breakfast and a leisurely cruise home.

Tyler and I were running the boat alone (we typically race with a crew of three or four, as there is much to do during a race, and *Redemption* is not the most agile yacht when it comes to docking). But for this race weekend, events had unfolded such that it was only the two of us onboard. At the time, Tyler was a tough senior in high school, with many years of experience running big cruisers. Tyler's wit, wisdom, and common sense provided great company for the trip, as well as terrific help for running the boat. No worries.

So now we were considering our options, break and run for home to beat the weather (and catch the race results later) or stay for the trophy presentations and a quiet evening on the boat, at the risk of a Homeric ride home the following day. I asked Tyler for his thoughts. On reflection, Tyler said, "I was kind of looking forward to some time on the boat with just the two of us." That fairly well sealed the case favoring a Sunday run for home...

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NEW COMPETITORS

A quick read - "Enjoy Log Racing"
Each helpful copy is full of facts and fun.
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500 Club

Contestant	Assoc.	Contest	CKPTS	TAM	ELEC	% ERROR	Handicap
Scott Strandjord	IPBA-N	First of Season	6	N	N	0.3484	N
Todd Prodzinski	IPBA-N	First of Season	6	N	N	0.3626	N
John Murphey	IPBA-N	First of Season	6	N	N	0.3733	N
Bill Anderson	IPBA-N	Boomerang	5	N	N	0.2547	N
Dave Padgett	IPBA-N	Boomerang	5	N	N	0.4165	N
Glenn Ryan	IPBA-N	Boomerang	5	N	N	0.4839	N
Scott Strandjord	IPBA-N	Boomerang	5	N	N	.04908	N
Burnell Blockhus	SMBPF	Pritikin	6	N	Y	0.4720	N
Fred Cole	IPBA-S	Poulsbo	5	N	N	0.3429	Y
Jim Korzetz	IPBA-N	Poulsbo	5	N	N	0.3714	Y
John Murphey	IPBA-N	Poulsbo	5	N	N	0.4500	Y
Mike Fontaine	SDCA	Harbor 1 of 4	5	N	N	0.1935	N
Jeff Calabrese	SDCA	Harbor 1 of 4	5	N	N	0.4491	N
John Walker	SCCA	Sharkie	6	Y	Y	0.4950	Y
Burnell Blockhaus	SMBPF	Masters	4	N	Y	0.4340	Y
Burnell Blockhaus	SMBPF	Corredores	7	?	?	0.3200	N
Tom Collins	SCCA	Corredores	7	?	?	0.3340	N

“CKPTS” indicates number of scored legs.

“TAM” indicates that the contestant could receive the time after passing the mark.

“% ERROR” is gross error prior to handicap being applied.

“ELEC” indicates that GPS/radar/chart plotter was used.

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NAI 2014 Results

Place	Contestant	Org	Boat	Observer	% Error	NACA Pts
1	Garry Adalian	SDCA	Just Deserts	Mike Simonson	0.6475	984
2	David Weimer	SDCA	Lovit	Rita Rohling	1.1627	908
3	Bob Lindal	IPBA/GG	Wos Is Los	David Hardy	1.4303	832
4	Fay Baynard	SPYC	JB & Me	Bob Quick	1.5722	756
5	Bob Ehlers	SDCA	Living Well	Carol Lewis	1.8132	680
6	Fred Cole	IPBA/S	Lolita	Ron DeGrazia	2.2523	604
7	Burnell Blockhus	SMBPF	Ancora	Donna Peterson	2.2866	528
8	Hough/Vignocci	CYC	Just in Time	Bill Bridge	2.3620	452
9	David Padgett	IPBA/N	Casa del Perro Dos	Kathy Velasquez	2.5406	376
10	Ed Kutchma	SBCCA	Seaclusion	Peter Vuchetich	2.6471	300

Making Our Way Home (Continued from page 5)

The dawn presented a crisp clear morn, with temperatures noticeably cooler, and a wind gusting up from the south. We joined our log racing friends for a quick breakfast and then readied *Redemption* for the cruise home. We checked the engines, battened down the loose items in the cabin, and moved heavy items from the shelves and counters to the floor. There was a propane fuel gas heater that sat in the middle of the large glass patio table on the enclosed aft sun deck of *Redemption*. Just to be sure it stayed in place, I lashed it with heavy cord passed through the umbrella hole in the center of the table. The round patio table was quite heavy, and the half-height patio heater lashed on top was going nowhere.

As a last check prior to slipping our lines, I called the harbormaster at Elliott Bay Marina for a weather check. The harbormaster noted that it was blowing up on the bay, but he and his crew would be ready to help us into the slip. In other words, come on ahead.

As we moved down the long southwest- to northeast-running bay, the wind on *Redemption's* tail began to build. However, the relatively protected waters of the inlet precluded the development of particularly large waves. By the time we reached the west entrance to Rich Passage (the twisting channel between the south end of Bainbridge Island and the mainland that would lead us to the waters of Puget Sound), the wind on our stern was beginning to make for a busy time on the helm.

Redemption has relatively flat chine toward the stern, a relatively deep keel running well below the running gear, and petite rudders aft of her twin screws. In short, she is "rudder challenged". In anything other than flat water, *Redemption* requires the helmsman to anticipate the next move she may make and preempt the yaw before it has time to develop.

In addition, due to her high freeboard, a fully enclosed aft sun deck, and a fully enclosed fly bridge, *Redemption* presents greater sail area than many of the sailboats I raced in my youth. Unfortunately, the disposition of *Redemption's* sail does not provide what we might refer to as a "balanced helm" in sailing parlance. A strong gust from astern or the stern quarter tends to forcefully drive *Redemption* to round-up toward the wind. The blend of *Redemption's* massive unbalanced sail plan, with rudders the size of a postcard, provides a very challenging brew for the helmsman.

As we rounded the first bend in Rich Passage, I commented, "Perhaps it will lighten up a bit when we reach the Sound..?" Tyler's response was not clear, but I had a sense that he was not overly optimistic.

We turned the corner that opened the southward-facing channel to the waters immediately to the south and took the building wind on our nose for the first time. Although we were running the boat from the lower helm, the wind still, somehow, managed to take our breath away.

Redemption was content to turn head-to-wind, but the initial gust seemed to stop her in her tracks. She regained her poise and continued to move forward into the maelstrom. I glanced at the wind indicator and noted the gauge was pushing past fifty miles-per-hour. This was relative wind speed on the nose, so the true wind was less...but the gusts seemed to be building as we pushed further down the channel toward open water. We had yet to enter the open waters of Puget Sound, so the fetch failed to fully support the development of the waves that lay ahead, but we had a sense as to seas that lay ahead.

I noted that the conditions seemed oddly cheery, as a result of the brilliant midmorning sun. This was one of those crisp blue banshees that cuts you to the bone and steels the warmth you expect to feel from the sun on your face.

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Making Our Way Home (Continued from page 10)

As we crawled forward into the wind, we made the mouth of the channel and caught our first sight of the Sound to the east. The waves were gray mountains rolling to the north. A way in the distance, still miles away in mid-channel, through the flying spray, you could see that the waves were larger still.

I asked Tyler to hand me my life jacket (he already had his zipped up tight). Tyler took another quick run through the boat looking for potential issues that might present as problems once we were fully engaged in the chaotic seas that lay ahead.

We had to make a plan. Thinking it through, I told Ty we would go onto a starboard beat that would lead to the lee provided on the north shore of Blake Island. From there, we would pound forward onto the Sound, taking the wind and wave on a close reach (taking the seas on our beam would be madness, and I doubted *Redemption* would be willing to forego the temptation to round toward the wind in any event).

At mid-channel, we would fall off to a broad reach, with the intent to make our way to the lee side of Alki Point on the east side of the Sound. We would then follow the shore toward Duwamish Head. At this point, we would be obliged to fall off onto a dead run toward the north, ending with a roaring ninety degree turn around the end of the Elliott Bay Marina breakwater.

At that point, the only remaining challenge would be to run down our fairway with the gale on our stern (trying to keep *Redemption* from swinging to the side as the sail of her stern quarter attempted to race past the bow), and then turn ninety degrees to starboard and gun her forward into her slip (hoping to avoid cantilevering *Redemption* amidships on the stern quarter of our slip-mate, mired

on the leeward side of our shared slip). I had learned through previous experience that the leverage of a strong wind on *Redemption*'s stern could generate truly awesome force, when provide the fixed fulcrum of another boat's quarter....but that's another story...

So, we had it all planned out. As we had hoped, the north shore of Blake Island provided some degree of cover as we closed in from the northwest. So far, so good. Now we edged out from behind the island and pushed onto the Sound. The wind slammed the boat as we came out from behind the headland. You could truly hear the banshee wail through the upper work of the bridge and the VHF antennae. The sound never fails to tighten the skin up and down my back (...memories from my early (very young) sailing days, when the wind would wail through the rigging of the boats in the dock, and I would tentatively ask, "...are you sure we should go sailing today..?").

Taking the seas on our starboard bow tended to lengthen out the waves and soften the descent down the back of each wave. Even so, the stronger gusts would drive down *Redemption*'s stern and start her hard towards a round-up into the wind. You had to be very quick on the wheel to slam her nose back, away from the wind. She was a roller coaster. Now and then we would hear a strange noise from odd corners on the boat, and Tyler would swing his way from handhold to handhold to check on the cause. Heavy items that had been placed on the cabin floor would become airborne at the crest of the larger waves.

By the time we reached mid-channel, the seas had grown to monstrous proportions, and the gusts were now pushing the wind indicator above fifty. As *Redemption* rolled on, I continued to check the Racor gauges that would indicate a growing vacuum in the fuel line between the fuel filters and the fuel pump, should the stirring of sediment in the fuel tank serve to clog the filters. I had previously reviewed the

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Making Our Way Home (Continued from page 8)

procedure for replacing the filters and then bleeding the fuel line at multiple points downstream in the fuel line, as required to bring a Perkins diesel back on line (should she shut down as a result of a clogged filter). I had had the tanks “polished” previously, so as to diminish the odds of such an occurrence, but I knew in my heart that such events invariably come to the fore when the seas are running high and the lee shore is close at hand.

Rushing below to the engine room to address such a scenario presented fuel for wonderful nightmares...the gauges seemed to be holding, though I wished I had a bit more fuel in the single five hundred gallon tank that ran from beam to beam. You could feel the weight of the fuel rolling from side to side in the swell...free surface effect at play, aggravating the roll and adding to the roiling of the fluid at the bottom of the tank, where the sediment was most likely thickening as it worked its way upward toward the fuel intakes. (A vivid imagination is not always an asset at times such as this...)

It was time to fall off onto a broad reach and make our run for the shelter of Alki Point. It was a tough call, as it was difficult to judge the optimal angle with which to present *Redemption's* starboard stern quarter to the seas. Most certainly, this leg of the trip would prove to be the toughest part of the passage.

The quartering seas would lift *Redemption's* stern high into the air, catching the full blast of the wind. The force on her enclosed aft sun deck would heel her to port and commence the slide of her stern down the face of the wave. The lateral resistance of the rudders would struggle to stop the slide, as the helmsman spun the wheel hard to port in an effort to stop the turn to starboard (and the beginning of the heavy roll to port). It would be a tough battle. I was not actually sure where *Redemption's* righting-moment might present the critical point of no return as she rolled on her beam (I

recently read Halsey's Typhoon, recounting the tale of the loss of several United States Navy ships in a typhoon during World War II...much discussion concerning destroyer stability, etc.)

The bow was now turned toward the lee of Alki Point, and we were heeling hard to port on the crest of the waves. She yawed heavily with each sea. The spokes of *Redemption's* destroyer wheel were a blur as I endeavored to keep the rudders moving ahead of the critical moment.

Roughly a half a mile of Alki, we caught a sneaker wave on the quarter (seemed seamy to me, I thought). *Redemption* snapped hard on to her port side at the crest of the wave. My hands were clamped on the wheel, trying hard to spin the helm to port, while using the wheel to stay on my feet. This presented a somewhat awkward combination of intent. At the peak of roll, there was a horrific crash toward the stern. Slowly, *Redemption* began to regain her footing, and she clawed her way back toward a more vertical posture.

Without taking my eye off of the waves, I asked Ty if he might be able to work his way back toward the aft deck to see what may have been the cause of the crashing sound during our broach. As we neared Alki, Tyler shouted from the companionway that the table on the sun deck had flown through the air and flipped so as to land inverted, leaning against the port rail. The table was supported, somewhat, by the propane heater strapped (still) to the center of the top (now the bottom) of the table. The steel heater was now a mangled piece of scrap metal. Amazingly, the glass of the table remained intact.

I shouted over my shoulder to Tyler to leave everything as it was on the back deck. There was little likelihood that the situation on the deck would deteriorate further, and the aft deck was not a terribly safe place to be.

We gained the lee of Alki, and the seas began to
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Making Our Way Home (Continued from page 10)

ease as they swung around the point and squared up on our stern. Duwamish Head light came into view and passed swiftly down our starboard side. It was time to turn dead downwind and begin our run toward home. As the fetch grew in our wake, the seas began to build. The degree of concentration required increased, as I focused on the task of keeping *Redemption* stern to wind.

In the distance, I could see the waves pounding the marina breakwater and the spray flying high into the rigging of the boats beyond. I decided it was time to give the harbormaster a call on the VHF. I indicated I was due south, coming hard toward the east opening of the breakwater and anticipating *Redemption's* arrival in roughly fifteen minutes. The harbormaster responded, "Oh, boy, it's really rough out there. We have already had four boats wreck while trying to get into their slips this morning. We have been telling everybody to stay wherever they were and not attempt a landing at Elliott Bay."

I decided it made no sense to refute his note concerning advisement to skippers to stay wherever they were. I asked if, by chance, any of the moorings on the end of the piers were open for temporary moorage (in order to avoid the carnage awaiting my slip mate). The harbormaster asked me to hang on for a moment. In a few seconds, he was back on the radio; "Yes, in fact, the spot on the end of your pier should be open for the coming week. We highly recommend you moor there until this blow is over." Right, good idea, I thought to myself.

With the pending destruction of my slip mate off of my list of problems to be solved, I focused on the looming task of rounding the end of the breakwater. The waves were now, once again, tremendous. The roaring chaos of the waves crashing on the breakwater was mesmerizing. The trick would

be to cut very close to the end of the breakwater and then crank the wheel hard to port, so as to turn as quickly as possible into the lee of the breakwater. If we cut too close to the breakwater, we would run the risk of dropping onto the rocky shelf at the base of the breakwater in the trough of a wave. If our turn was too far off the breakwater, we would be more likely to broach as we presented *Redemption's* broadside squarely to the waves before we had a chance to duck in to the lee of the breakwater.

As we were surfing downwind at tremendous rate of speed (by now we were pegging our knot meter), *Redemption* was not going to respond favorably to a hard over ninety degree turn, ending with the wind and waves full on her beam. As we drew near the end of the breakwater, the seas were stunning. The moment came, and the spokes of *Redemption's* big destroyer wheel flew. She rolled onto her starboard beam for a moment, held there, and then we shot behind the breakwater.

The water was suddenly flat (though the banshees were wailing in chorus now through the rigging of a thousand boats pulling hard on their mooring lines). The wind continued to slam *Redemption* on the beam. In order to stop her from spinning into the wind, we had to keep our speed up. We were moving through the moorage at nearly cruise speed. Tyler was now feverishly (and deftly) securing fenders down *Redemption's* starboard side (attempting to rig fenders in the seas beyond the breakwater would have had been wildly inadvisable).

As the end of our pier drew near, I gave *Redemption* a quick pull on the helm so as to jerk her bow to leeward, pulled the throttles back, pulled the gears into reverse, and gave the throttles a burst to stop her in her tracks just off the dock. The final seconds of the passage were nearly peaceful. *Redemption* simply drifted down onto the dock. Her inevitable spin to windward ended with the lateral slide, squarely against the dock.

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Making Our Way Home
(Continued from page 10)

Ty jumped down to the dock, and tied off her lines. The wind pushed *Redemption* hard against the dock, crushing her fenders and holding her tightly in place. Ty and I stood on the dock together for a moment. I believe I said, "Now wasn't that fun?" Tyler's comment, "...it's a good thing Mom wasn't on board..."

Off the top of my head, I cannot recall how we did in the log race...

Scott Strandjord
NACA Vice Commodore
North American Cruiser Association

Log Contests Observation

As we get near the end of another log contest season, it is noted that a number of our contests have had fewer contestants than in the past. If we want to continue having meaningful events, it is up to each of us to try to discover the reasons for this decline and do something about it. We in Southern California have had a number of new or infrequent contestants participate in some events, but often they appeared for only a single contest, even when they indicated they had enjoyed themselves and had fun with the contest.

If our numbers are to grow, we must all redouble our efforts to discover why contestants such as these do not compete more often, as well as share with other associations things that have been successful in attracting new contestants. We also need to share with fellow boat owners and club members the fun and fellowship we experience during our log contests.

Few would argue that our events are enjoyable, and yet do we share this feeling outside the group that

participates? Do we let non-participants know that there is more to a log contest than the contest itself? How about the fun when the results are revealed and the exchanges while waiting for the evening dinner or whatever arrangements follow your contests? Do you have an alternative to the traditional arrangements that is enjoyed in your area? If you do, why not share it with the rest of us?

In Southern California, we have several contests where we either have one contest directly following another on a single day, or one on a Friday and another following on Saturday from the location where the Friday contest ended. These events have usually been well attended.

We have offered to take interested potential log racers along on a contest to observe the action with some limited acceptance and have also encouraged others to join the fray by making them a part of the crew until they decide to participate on their own.

We would definitely like to know if you have ideas that have worked in your area to attract new participants. You can contact me at: kgriffing@earthlink.net or 626.333.0513.

Ken Griffing
NACA Rear Commodore

I have discovered an excellent preventive against sea-sickness, in balancing myself. You stand in the centre of the deck, and, as the ship heaves and pitches, you move your body about, so as to keep it always straight.

When the front of the ship rises, you lean forward, till (sic) the deck almost touches your nose; and when its back end gets up, you lean backwards. This is all very well for an hour or two; but you can't balance yourself for a week.

- Jerome K. Jerome

*NAI 2014**(Continued from page 4)*

stir but were finally settled upon, using the logic of the late great Mr. Spock, "The needs of the many outweigh the needs of the few or the one". In NAI-speak, this means getting enough contestants to make the event viable. We were extremely fortunate to have ten.

In spite of a lingering hurricane that wreaked havoc in Baja, Mexico, we had excellent weather. It was a little warm, but I guess weather is relative to where you are coming from. We were able to muster a fine group of boats. All but two were seasoned log racing boats. The boat draw, compliments of David Weimer, was a blast, and no one left hungry from the accompanying heavy hors d' oeuvres.

Thursday boat calibrations went smoothly. Follow on meetings also went well. The back yard barbeque that evening gave all of us chance to get to know each other a little better, and I cannot think of a better sleeping pill than a hamburger and a glass of milk. (Did I say milk?)

Friday was a free day for most. I stayed busy doing math. Not race math. Table math: seven tables of ten, sixty-three persons, sit by boat, ten boats...go figure. As a race helmsman, I did spend some time going over the race with my skipper.

Saturday greeted me and some of you with a box lunch glitch. The lunches were made but buried under those made for the Beneteau Cup group. This got sorted out in real time, and it was off to the race. Finally underway!

We were the fastest boat, therefore, the last to start. We got to watch all the others start ahead of us. Our boat's name was *Lovit*, and you just had to love her. This 57-foot Californian, donated by SDCA member Mike Elovitz, was a dream to pilot, and my most relaxing four hours of the entire NAI event were enjoyed steering the race on her.

The regatta course, designed by racemasters Ralph Salerno and Ed Denaci, turned out to be a beauty. It tested ship handling, chart reading, and navigational skills, with a little GPS use thrown in for good measure. Offshore and in-the-bay currents were present and certainly a factor, as was the bay traffic and wind. Our finish time was within ten seconds of predicted, and, during the race, we saw a good luck flying fish. These were both good omens.

Now, back to San Diego Yacht Club to get ready for the banquet. The SDYC staff really excelled here. Our two SDCA volunteers, Mary Salerno and Carol Fontaine (you met these lovely ladies at check-in) had the tables looking just beautiful when I turned the math problem over to them. Wouldn't you know that they had already figured it out.

Following introductions and a little peel-off and raffle fun, an excellent meal was served. This was followed by a special dessert, which was also excellent. NACA Staff Commodore Rob Vandalingham then installed the 2015 NACA bridge and introduced NACA Staff Commodores Bob Lindal and Bob Ehlers. They awarded me the Gandelman Trophy. I was shocked, to say the least.

Now, for the finale.....Bob Lindal, on *Wos Ist Los*, representing IPBA/Gulf of Georgia, finished third. David Weimer on *Lovit*, defending champion from SDCA, finished second. Garry Adalian, 2013 Coastal Explore Trophy winner from SDCA on *Just Deserts*, finished first. Garry is now a two-time winner. Congratulations Garry!!!

Jeff Calabrese
NAI 2014 Chairman

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Of all objects that I have ever seen,
there is none which affects my imagination
so much as the sea or ocean.

- Joseph Addison

Queen Mary Trophy - Best 10 of 1st 11 Regattas Entered**08/04/2014**

Pos	SKIPPER	VESSEL	Assoc.	Points	Entered	Average
1	Korzetz, Jim	FREEDOM	IPBA-N	5107	7	730
2	Lindal, Bob	SUZY Q	IPBA-N	4897	6	816
3	Murphey, John	STURDY GAL	IPBA-N	4880	6	813
4	Klett/Elbon Team	KLETTITAT	IPBA-N	4758	6	793
5	Cole, Fred	MOUSE TRAP	IPBA-S	4451	5	890
6	Ehlers, Bob	JB & ME	SDCA	4345	5	869
7	Padgett, David	SLIP AWAY	IPBA-N	4306	5	861
8	Weimer, David	JUST DESERTS	SDCA	4178	5	836
9	Adalian, Garry	JONATHAN	SDCA	4090	5	818
10	Henry, Mike	PEACHY KEEN	IPBA-S	3764	6	627

Codrington Trophy - Best 5 of 1st 7 Regattas Entered**08/04/2014**

1	Ehlers, Bob	JB & ME	SDCA	4684	7	937
2	Cole, Fred	MOUSE TRAP	IPBA-S	4617	6	923
3	Murphey, John	STURDY GAL	IPBA-N	4524	6	905
4	Lindal, Bob	SUZY Q	IPBA-N	4514	6	903
5	Blockhus, Burnell	LOLITA	SMBPF	4513	6	903
6	Adalian, Garry	JONATHAN	SDCA	4502	7	900
7	Padgett, David	SLIP AWAY	IPBA-N	4306	5	861
8	Weimer, David	JUST DESERTS	SDCA	4178	7	836
9	Klett/Elbon Team	KLETTITAT	IPBA-N	4124	6	825
10	Korzetz, Jim	FREEDOM	IPBA-N	4070	7	814

Stone Trophy - Total of only 1st, 2nd & 3rd places in 1st 7 Regattas Entered**08/04/2014**

1	Ehlers, Bob	JB & ME	SDCA	4684	5	937
2	Blockhus, Burnell	LOLITA	SMBPF	3875	4	969
3	Murphey, John	STURDY GAL	IPBA-N	3848	4	962
4	Adalian, Garry	JONATHAN	SDCA	3814	4	954
5	Cole, Fred	MOUSE TRAP	IPBA-S	3710	4	928
6	Walker, John	PRIME TIME	SCCA	3547	4	887
7	McCormick, Bill	INAMORATA	SCCA	3511	4	878
8	Lindal, Bob	SUZY Q	IPBA-N	2911	3	970
9	Griffing, Ken	LOON'S CALL	SCCA	2876	4	719
10	Weimer, David	JUST DESERTS	SDCA	2666	3	889

St Petersburg Trophy - Best 4 of 1st 5 Regattas Entered**08/04/2014**

1	Lindal, Bob	SUZY Q	IPBA-N	3777	5	944
2	Ehlers, Bob	JB & ME	SDCA	3704	5	926
3	Adalian, Garry	JONATHAN	SDCA	3638	5	910
4	Cole, Fred	MOUSE TRAP	IPBA-S	3635	5	909
5	Padgett, David	SLIP AWAY	IPBA-N	3631	5	908
6	Blockhus, Burnell	LOLITA	SMBPF	3548	5	887
7	Walker, John	PRIME TIME	SCCA	3547	5	887
8	Murphey, John	STURDY GAL	IPBA-N	3537	5	884
9	McCormick, Bill	INAMORATA	SCCA	3511	4	878
10	Weimer, David	JUST DESERTS	SDCA	3422	5	856

Coastal Explorer Trophy - Best 8 of 1st 9 Regattas Entered**08/04/2014**

Pos	Skipper	Vessel	Assoc.	Points	Entered	Average
1	Ehlers, Bob	JB & ME	SDCA	6825	8	853
2	Weimer, David	JUST DESERTS	SDCA	6386	9	798
3	Loneragan, James	CASA DEL PERRO DOS	SDCA	5777	8	722
4	Adalian, Garry	JONATHAN	SDCA	5558	7	794
5	Cole, Fred	MOUSE TRAP	IPBA-S	5433	6	906
6	Denaci, Edward	MICROSHIP II	SDCA	5394	9	674
7	Griffing, Ken	LOON'S CALL	SCCA	5170	9	646
8	Korzetz, Jim	FREEDOM	IPBA-N	5107	7	730
9	Calabrese, Jeff	LIVING WELL	SDCA	4999	8	625
10	Blockhus, Burnell	LOLITA	SMBPF	4979	6	830
11	Lindal, Bob	SUZY Q	IPBA-N	4897	6	816
12	Murphey, John	STURDY GAL	IPBA-N	4880	6	813
13	Klett/Elbon Team	KLETTITAT	IPBA-N	4758	6	793
14	Salerno, Ralph	ANCORA	SDCA	4747	8	593
15	Jackman, George	SPECIAL EFFECT	SCCA	4407	7	630
16	Padgett, David	SLIP AWAY	IPBA-N	4306	5	861
17	Walker, John	PRIME TIME	SCCA	4147	6	691
18	Henry, Mike	PEACHY KEEN	IPBA-S	3764	6	627
19	McCormick, Bill	INAMORATA	SCCA	3511	4	878
20	Chapin, Clint	SOJOURN	IPBA-N	3489	5	698
21	Cullen, Bruce	CAROLINE II	IPBA-N	3210	5	642
22	Randall, Rick	COMPADRE	IPBA-S	3103	5	621
23	Burwell, John	GAVIA	IPBA-S	2892	4	723
24	Brett, Steve	OCEAN JEWEL	IPBA-S	2878	6	480
25	Fontaine, Michael	TUFFY	SDCA	2851	6	475
26	Anderson, Jim	FIDALGO	IPBA-S	2848	5	570
27	Brooke, Tom	OVEREXPOSURE	IPBA-N	2770	5	554
28	Voight, Ken	HERITAGE	SCCA	2759	5	552
29	Strandjord, Scott	REDEMPTION	IPBA-N	2698	3	899
30	Scheinbaum, Mickey	THREE FLAGS	SMBPF	2607	4	652
31	VanAntwerp, Jim	SARA B	IPBA-S	2550	4	638
32	Subert, Tim	BEACH MUSIC	IPBA-N	2444	5	489
33	Larson, Don	TEWASI	IPBA-S	2433	3	811
34	Babbitt, George	GENERAL QUARTERS	IPBA-S	2258	3	753
35	Downer, Jerry	NOR' WESTER	IPBA-S	2258	4	565
36	Anderson, Bill	THE TILLIE	IPBA-N	2166	3	722
37	Frank, Dan	MOON SHINE	IPBA-N	2118	4	530
38	Wieder, Fred	WOS IST LOS	SDCA	2053	5	411
39	Holte, Kirby	UFF DA	SCCA	1982	4	496
40	Prodzinski, Todd	ZORRO	IPBA-N	1963	2	982
41	Elovitz, Michael	LOVIT	SDCA	1948	3	649
42	Bennison, Dick	WELL DONE	IPBA-S	1930	3	643
43	Terris, Gerry	MUTUAL FUN	SCCA	1840	4	460
44	Larson, Ron	GENERAL QUARTERS II	IPBA-S	1820	2	910
45	Ryan, Glenn	AMNESIA	IPBA-N	1676	2	838
46	Lentgis, Dean	KALOS FILOS	IPBA-N	1643	2	822
47	Godfrey, Bob	UNREEL	SMBPF	1630	4	408
48	Irwin, Chuck	LAUGHIN' PLACE	IPBA-S	1607	3	536
49	Collins, Tom	MISTY SEA	SCCA	1598	2	799
50	Swanson, Paul	PROUD MARY	SBCCA	1420	2	710
51	Green, Sheri	IT'LL DO	SBCCA	1317	2	659
52	Dean, Richard	CHESTNUT NECK	SCCA	1279	2	640

For complete standings, go to: www.predictedlog.org



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